

Foreground

Adam Tell

Big voices on the radio
Hushed whispers on the telephone
Thin walls, open airwaves
A cold case becomes a hot zone

There's always an agenda
Only white knights and renegades
Pushing out a prejudice
And calling it "Lemonade"

They'll always try to buy stars above
They'll always lie about who they love
You've heard the names
Fake numbers get ahead in the game so
When's push gonna come shove?

Don't feed me tall tales
I'll spit 'em right back at you
You don't know anything that nobody didn't tell you
So don't blame the skeptics
For thinking out loud
In the battle of headroom, it's a fight for the foreground

It takes a crowd to change a scene
No more readers to write the magazines
Betting we won't recognize
That they decide when the rules don't apply

Don't feed me tall tales
I'll spit 'em right back at you
You don't know anything that nobody didn't tell you
So don't blame the skeptics
For thinking out loud
In the battle of headroom, it's a fight for the foreground

I know I'm not alone
In using a microphone to say
What I think should be said
I'm running it in the red

Don't feed me tall tales
I'll spit 'em right back at you
You don't know anything that nobody didn't tell you

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>